

cess Royal of Sweden, who arrived that day at Hamburg.¹ She merely passed through the city on her way to Stockholm to join her husband, but she remained but a short time in Sweden — two months, I believe, at most, not being able to reconcile herself to the ancient Scandinavia. As to the Prince Eoyal, he soon became inured to the climate, having been for many years employed in the north.

After this my stay at Hamburg was not of long duration. Bonaparte's passion for territorial aggrandizement knew no bounds, and the turn of the Hanse Towns now arrived. By taking possession of these towns and territories he merely accomplished a design formed long previously. I, however, was recalled with many compliments, and under the specious pretext that the Emperor wished to hear my opinions respecting the country in which I had been residing. At the begin-

¹ Madame Bernadotte, afterwards Queen of Sweden, was a Mademoiselle Clary, and younger sister to the wife of Joseph Bonaparte: hence the relationship with Bonaparte of which Bernadotte speaks. Monsieur Clary, the father of these two Queens, was a very respectable merchant at Marseilles. The following anecdote we have had from a near connection of the family. At a humble stage of his fortunes Napoleon sought the hand of Madame Bernadotte, his brother Joseph having already married her elder sister. But Monsieur Clary would not hear of the match. "*Pas de tout*— No, no," said he, "one poor Bonaparte in my family is quite enough!" Joseph, the to-be-hereafter King of Naples, and of Spain and the Indies, was then jaggling in Clary's counting-house at invoices and bills of sale! It was some years later that Bernadotte obtained the hand of the young lady, which had been refused to Napoleon. Madame Bernadotte (we speak from personal knowledge) was, even when she had become a Queen, a kind-hearted, amiable woman, with a few eccentricities of character and conduct. The reader may find a very interesting sketch of her Swedish Majesty in the *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes*.

In the operatic company of the theatre San Carlo, at Naples, there was a poor French *danseuse*, sufficiently *passes* and miserable, who in the vicissitudes of time and fortune, had almost sunk into the subordinate rank of a *mete figurante*. Some quarter of a century before the time when we first knew her this woman had been the much-loved mistress of the King of Sweden — then Lieutenant Bernadotte of the French Republican Army. In the ardor of his affection Bernadotte proposed marriage, but the condition and prospects of the parties were considered by Mademoiselle as too unequal. * "No, no," said she, "I am improving— I am getting on in my profession — I may make a fortune, and you, *cher Bernadotte*, though a good fellow enough, are only a *pauvre soldat*." We have heard Mademoiselle say twenty times, "Only see what is destiny! At this hour I might have been Queen of Sweden, instead of being obliged to kick my heels about here for fifteen ducats a month!" (fifteen Neapolitan ducats, or about £2:10s. English money). The story was universally known at Naples, and her companions on the boards almost invariably called her, in jest, the Queen of Sweden, or Your Majesty. We left her Majesty at Naples in the year 1827.

The whole story would have been an incident for *Candide*, or the best of Voltaire's cynical novels. —Editor of 1836 edition.